

In the light of the moon, by the side of the  
water,  
My knee on the sand and her seat on my  
knees,  
We watch the bright billows, do I and my  
daughter,  
My sweet little daughter Louise.  
We wonder what city the pathway of glory,  
That broadens away to the limitless west,  
Leads up to—the minds her of some pretty  
story  
And says: "To the city that mortals love  
best."  
Then I say: "It must lead to the far away  
city.  
The beautiful City of Rest."

In the light of the moon, by the side of the  
water.  
I wait for her coming from over the seas;  
I wait but to welcome the dust of my daughter,  
To weep for my daughter Louise.  
The path, as of old, reaching out in its splen-  
dours bright, like a way that an angel  
has trod;  
I kiss the cold burden its billows surrender,  
Sweet clay to lie under the pitiful sod;  
But she rests at the end of the path, in the  
city  
Whose "builder and maker is God."  
HOMER GARENS in our Continent.

its stead. Mrs. Dood was ready for the neighbors.

colds, as though she had a monopoly of them. 'I hope it won't be nothing serious till I see Lawyer Browne; his folks would laugh in their sleeves if

enthusiasm.

to refer to.

Debility, Loss of Appetite, Prostration of Vital Powers and Insurmountable  
MANUFACTURED BY THE DR. HARTER, N.Y.

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